

## kiss the king by harscrow

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Anal Sex, Developing Relationship, M/M, Oral Sex

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-22

**Updated:** 2017-11-22

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 04:55:56

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,613

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“I just thought it would have been nice. You keep saying you hate the cold, so.” Steve shrugs nonchalantly, in an attempt to conceal how much he would love to hide from the silence that follows. What’s dealing with Billy possibly rejecting his gesture compared to a Demogorgon’s sharp teeth? Scarier, by all accounts.

Steve knew that what he just pulled out is pretty much a romantic textbook move the moment he started planning it, and he kept asking himself if he was losing his mind while gathering the pillows on the floor.

## kiss the king

Fucking Indiana kind of winter, Billy isn't used to that cold. It makes his bones feel like glass, threatening to shatter. He hates that sensation, as if all the work he's put into building a well-oiled muscle machine means nothing when it comes to low temperatures. The wind whistling against his skin makes him want to run until his heated lungs collapse, and bury himself under a blanket at the same time.

Weather 1 – Hargrove 0. Losing games is not something he takes well. *Dick*, on the other hand...

"This shithole of a pla-" He curses between gritted teeth, cutting himself off the second Steve finally opens the door. Then he flutters his eyelashes at him, extremely aware that that will do the trick. It always does.

"Had to drop Max at Lucas' last minute, 's why I'm late." He smirks against Steve's already parted lips.

Steve welcomes the kiss with a low moan. "You're freezing." He whispers, pulling him inside. He won't say it, but every single minute of waiting had felt stretched. Like time was trying to mock him for wanting something – *someone* – that much.

Billy's soft chuckle sounds like the best brand of trouble. Steve's personal favorite. "I'm counting on you to warm me up, pretty boy." He says, hand sliding to Steve's ass to pull him closer. His handsome king, his scorching sun.

Steve's ego swells at the nickname, teeth grazing the niche of the other's neck as soon as the scarf is unceremoniously ditched. Billy wants him to mark him there, wants his throat to feel sore for being

ravished long and good. But Steve's plans are different, and involve moving to the living room instead, fingers entwined and shaky breath.

Billy notices a bed of pillows set on the carpet, in front of the fireplace, and turns to meet Steve's expecting eyes.

"I just thought it would have been nice. You keep saying you hate the cold, so." Steve shrugs nonchalantly, in an attempt to conceal how much he would love to hide from the silence that follows. What's dealing with Billy possibly rejecting his gesture compared to a Demogorgon's sharp teeth? Scarier, by all accounts.

Steve knew that what he just pulled out is pretty much a romantic textbook move the moment he started planning it, and he kept asking himself if he was losing his mind while gathering the pillows on the floor. And it still makes him nervous now, because he knows they are not like that, that they work just fine without all the sappy crap Billy despises. Yet, Steve yearns for it, for the chance of spoiling this wild, gorgeous boy he's falling for. There's no point in denying the pain in his chest every time they part, even if just for a few hours.

"Say something, man. If you think it's stupid we can-"

Billy's impetuous kiss doesn't allow Steve to finish his sentence, and all he's left with is a frenzied heart pounding too fast in his ribcage, cold fingertips caressing his cheeks.

Lips still lingering over Steve's, the sweetest of commands pours from Billy's mouth. "I want you to fuck me there, do you understand?" There's urgency in his desire, *need*. "Fuck me." He repeats, a teasing grin concealing the bundle of feelings knotting in his stomach.

Billy can feel the heat radiating from Steve's golden heart. He can

feel it under his palms, pressing against his body, burning in the air they share. And that fucking clock ticking inside of him all the time – the unforgiving countdown to the moment Steve is gonna realize he can have so much better than a rotten motherfucker – Billy decides to ignore. ‘Shut the fuck up. Shut the fuck up.’ He begs for silence in his head, clinging onto anything king Steve wants to give him. Because at this point Billy is selfish enough to ache for it, and take it.

Steve yanks the blonde to him, hunger unleashed into a rough kiss. A hint of relief finds its way into it, too. “I’ve been waiting for this all day.”

“You missed me that much, didn’t you?” Billy’s thumb toys with the shape of the other’s ripe lips, tracing them deliberately slow. ‘Did you miss me as much as I did you?’ He’d like to know, but lets his hands do the talking instead.

As Billy takes a step back, he starts peeling his clothes off. Many girls did it for him in the past, but the way he takes off his clothes must be the most appealing thing Steve has ever seen with his own two eyes. That body a living ode to lust, all muscly curves generously sculpted onto the warm tone of his skin. Steve could pour beer on his stomach and drink it from those abs, if he wanted to. A nice thought that travels fast to his crotch. “Fuck...” He curses, mirroring his movements and slipping out of his own pants.

They pull towards each other, as smoothly as magnets.

Billy’s mouth closes around Steve’s nipple, giving it a slow lick that ends in kisses scattered all the way up to his collarbone. Fingers running through blond curls, Steve grinds against him.

“Hm, hello there.” Billy greets the erection pressed against his hipbone with a confident chuckle, fingers tugging at the hem of Steve’s boxers to free his cock and take it in his hand. Lips delicately

pressed against his temple have Billy's cheeks flushed and his fingers working faster.

"Wait." Backing off enough to step on the carpet, Steve takes Billy's hands in his own. "Come here." He whispers, so lost in those blue eyes staring longingly at him that he doesn't notice his foot sinking in the space between one pillow and the other until it's too late. Off balance, he dangerously staggers, Billy's clumsy attempt to save him only resulting in both of them tangled up on the floor, laughing like idiots.

"At least it was a soft landing."

Billy shakes his head from his position on top of him, almost hypnotized by the way Steve's hair sways as he giggles. "How many times do I have to tell you, Harrington?" He leans closer to kiss him, tongue gently swiping against the other's. "Plant your feet."

"Oh, shut up." Steve protests, feigning appalled outrage. "I got you right where I wanted to. Mission accomplished."

"Yeah, dumbass, but you didn't have to almost crack your head open in the process." Billy barks back, chest raising and falling with sincere concern. "I don't want you to get hurt." He adds, more quietly.

Saying that out loud has on him the same effect as pouring salt on an open wound, and it shows on his face clear as day. He looks away in shame, but Steve's got the presence of mind to understand what's going on behind his eyes, and reassure him immediately.

"I know. I'll try to be careful, but I can't promise you anything when I've got you staring at me like that. Got me all shook up."

“Like what?”

“Like you want to do unspeakable things to me.”

That puts Billy back on track, a new devilish light shining on his features. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Harrington.” He lies, hiding his face in the crook of the other’s neck to suck a kiss there.

Steve’s laugh fades into a soft moan, his hands travelling down the downhill of Billy’s back to grasp onto his ass, almost a slap that makes Billy’s spine arch and their cocks rub against each other. With his nipples being flicked and pulled at, Steve curses at the wonders of Billy’s mouth. “Shit, man.”

Blunt nails clawing at his ribs in response, Steve watches as sin himself burns a path of kisses and hickeys down his stomach, head falling back on the pillow when Billy starts mouthing at the shape of his twitching cock.

Billy’s got his hand wrapped around the base of that perfect dick, lips brushing the whole length. ‘That Wheeler bitch’s been a fucking idiot to let this go. To let *him* go.’ He can’t help but think, as he welcomes its weight on his tongue and takes as much of it as he can in his mouth. He draws back slowly with a wet pop, then the pace grows as fast as his avid intentions allow, because Billy starts sucking on that cock as if he’s dying for it. Hell, maybe he is, since such an addiction can probably only be labeled as insane, consuming. He’s already lost count of how many times he’s blown Steve dry at school between classes, his king begging him to stop but never daring to actually push him away.

Steve’s hips buck enough for him to hit the back of his throat, tears glistening in Billy’s eyes and running down his cheeks as he bats his long eyelashes. He shoots a glance at Billy’s head buried between his

open legs, blond curls caressing his thighs with each bobbing movement, and that's when Steve snaps. He pulls on Billy's luscious locks, guiding him up. "Look at me."

And the boy does, misty-eyed, the warmest orange glow from the fire gleaming on his wet lips. Obscenely beautiful, he's got this low, cocky chuckle slipping between his teeth that makes Steve lose control. He pulls himself up to kiss him, to clash against that young god face and pin him to the ground.

Sprawled on a bed of pillows, Billy's hair looks like a lion mane, his roar a wicked little sentence coming from the scratchy back of his throat. "If you see something you like, you better take it." His tongue flashes out in defiance, wrists rolling under the other's hands.

Steve won't deny the jolts of arousal going straight to his cock, but he definitely knows how to fight back. He's Steve Harrington, after all. His hands land on Billy's hips, just perfectly carved to fit his palms. He doesn't encounter any resistance when he flips him over, Billy already propped on his elbows with his ass up in the air. Open invitation to the banquet.

Billy groans at Steve's teeth sinking into his flesh, marking the back of his thigh. He'd wear bruises for him any day, every day, all his... *life*. He smothers that thought with the wanton moan soiling his lips, body shivering for the expertise of Steve's tongue against his hole. He doesn't need to shove himself against his face, because Steve has developed the utmost care for eating him out, and learned exactly what to do to have him writhe in delighted agony. Billy can feel Steve's firm grip spreading him further apart to dive in with the hot tip of his tongue, breaching him enough to fuel his need to be filled but not nearly enough to sate him. It's a torture that sees Billy's knuckles go white and his swollen cock leak beads of precome.

"Ste- ve." Billy whimpers, voice breaking with want when the other tentatively slips his digits inside. "...pocket of my jacket."

“I got you.”

The drag of Steve’s fingers against Billy’s wet rim is a lingering promise both can’t wait to keep. Steve grabs the condom and rolls it quickly on his cock. Lubed up, he rubs his shaft against the other’s sensitive skin, warming him up some more. Billy curses impatiently, his hand reaching for Steve’s dick and pushing its head inside of him on his own.

Crumbling face down against the pillow, Billy takes the whole length without flinching, a dirty moan spilling out of his gaping mouth. Hiding his face into the crook of his arm, he lets out a throaty “fuck” with Steve’s first hard thrust. He couldn’t let himself to start slow, not when Billy makes him feel *that needed*. Gripping tightly at his hips, Steve slaps his way back into him again and again. And Billy rides back all along, gluttonous, shameless in his pleasure, fingers clutching at the cushions under him.

Steve only slows down to lean forward and snatch a messy kiss among the lecherous litany of moans. Billy turns his face, chin up to meet him. *Just for him*, because he craves his lips just as much, and Steve’s tongue down his throat.

They slide soon into the ravenous chase for each other’s satisfaction, easily led by the sheer strength of their appetite. It all connects back to the first time they collided, at that Halloween party, when they didn’t even touch each other but could feel the impending storm coming, foaming in their veins. They ride the thunder now, wherever it’s taking them.

Billy’s yielding back arches so beautifully, hand pumping furiously at his own cock until he comes. Loud, a hint of gravel in his voice. And this is when he feels the most free, with his muscles shaking with rapture and Steve’s forehead pressed against his temple. With that



soft, addicting prayer panted right into his ear. “William, William...”

Steve latches onto the other’s waist to give him his frantic, final thrusts. And he reaches his own climax with Billy still clenching around him, the blonde pressing his back against his chest and pulling at his damp dark locks. “That’s my king, that’s my king.”

That alone sparks a possessive urge in him that none of his previous lovers could provide, one that makes him bite hard onto Billy’s shoulder to mark him as *his*. And he realizes that he’s never enjoyed the weight of that crown until Billy has laid it on him.

As they flop down on the pillows, Steve pulls a blanket over both of them, their bodies slick with a thin sheen of sweat. Billy curls up against him, arm wrapped around his waist so tightly as if he’s scared some nightmare might separate them – or at least that’s what Steve believes his own wishful thinking.

---

A couple hours later, there’s no crackling fire anymore, only a few red-hot coals still surviving below the ashes. Billy is reaching for his Dr Martens when Steve hears him move around to put his clothes on.

“You already leaving?” He croaks from under the blanket, still too sleepy to realize how revealing his sad tone just sounded.

The smirk on Billy’s face shows just how much flattered he is, even though Steve can’t probably register that right now. “Didn’t mean to wake you up, pretty boy. I have to pick up Max, I can’t be late.”

Steve nods, heaving a sigh. He understands the implications of that ‘can’t’, a secret he promised to keep against his own better judgement. The only reason why he hasn’t alerted chief Hopper yet is

because Billy asked him not to break his trust, ever. “Sure, let me just-”

“No, stay.” Billy drops to his knees to yank him closer for one last kiss. Steve smells so good – clean sweat mixing up with his expensive cologne – he doesn’t really want to go. “I know the way out, king Steve. And god fucking bless your parents for never being home.”

On his way to his Camaro, despite the February air has become even colder with the fading of daylight, Billy clings onto a new, important realization: he doesn’t hate winter as much as he did before stepping in that house. He wishes he could go back inside and watch some stupid wrestling show with Steve, blow smoke into his mouth and let him gently brush his hair late at night – pretending to be asleep.

It’s not like he deserves to stay at the castle anyway, but damn he enjoys sneaking in there and kissing the king till their lips ache.

### **Author's Note:**

Finally my first real contribution to the fandom! I'll love you endlessly if you let me know what you think ♡

I cherish this pairing so much that my soul hurts when I think of them, but unfortunately I'm the slowest of writers.

I can only hope inspiration will come visit me again soon :)